

The Dingbat Family



Almost Out!

Polly and Her Pals

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Pa Aecomies a Ruler

THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN

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(Continued from Monday.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Scene.

Fortunately for her plans, only three of Rosalie Le Grange's regular boarders ever came home to lunch—Constance, Betsy-Barbara and Prof. Noll. Of these, two were disposed of for the day. Prof. Noll, reporting in the dining room at 12:30 sharp—regular meals at regular hours was a canon of the Noll scientific plan—found three strangers already placed and eating. Two young men, powerful and slow-moving, sat at either side of the hostess. At the other end of the table, in Miss Harding's accustomed seat, was a matronly woman, gray-haired but alert of motion and eye.

"Mr. Kennedy—Mr. Hunter—Mrs. Leary—I want to introduce Prof. Noll. The professor is one of my regular boarders. This lady and these gentlemen are transients; they'll be with us just a few days," said Rosalie Le Grange. The two men nodded and fell to their luncheon, of which they consumed vast quantities. Mrs. Leary, however, smiled upon him an experienced smile.

"Mrs. Leary," pursued Rosalie Le Grange, "has got some foreboding. I'm sure you'd like to see. You won't be droppin' in this afternoon, will you?"

"No," said Prof. Noll, "sorry, I'm making up the paper today. I won't get home until just before my dinner. My habit," he added, addressing Mrs. Leary, "always to dine just at seven. Not that the hour of seven, or any other hour, makes a difference in the absolute. It is regularity that counts—mathematical regularity. The human intestinal system is a machine, admirable, well-balanced, nicely calculated to its uses. Now the minute study of scientific management has proved that a machine—And so, Prof. Noll, having mounted his hobby, rode blithely away upon it; and Mrs. Leary, with all the ready tact of the experienced police matron that she was, knitted to the pompadour and nod with him. Rosalie had learned all she wanted to know. Prof. Noll would not trouble her again that afternoon.

As Prof. Noll, still talking diet to Mrs. Leary, put on his overcoat, Rosalie sought the kitchen. She addressed Mrs. Moore, the cook and the waitress, all busy stacking up the soiled dishes.

"I've got a little surprise for you girls," she said. "A gentleman friend of mine who sings in the chorus of the 'Laughing Lass' sent me three seats for the professional matinee to-day. But this morning two people I'm going to give you an afternoon off, an' let you leave the dishes. Mrs. Leary an' I will do them. She's been livin' in hotels that long she's just hungry for housework, she says.

Strikes you kind of funny, don't it, that anybody'd rather wash dishes than go to a matinee?"

"A professional matinee!" cried the cook. "What's that?"

"Are they right downstairs?" asked the waitress.

"I must put on my brown dress," murmured Mrs. Moore.

"Well, you'll have to hurry if you're goin' to fuss up," said Rosalie. "The theater is away up town and the curtain goes up at two ten sharp, an' it's way past one now." Rosalie had looked out for these details when she bought the seats a downtown ticket agency. Portholes, aprons came off and smiles came on as the downstairs inhabitants of Madame Le Grange's select boarding-house scurried to their finery.

They were gone at length, after an uncomfortable period, during which Rosalie twice betrayed her nervousness by knocking at their doors and reminding them that the time was short. Another pause. The chimes of the Metropolitan Tower rang the hour of two. At the first stroke, Rosalie, as one who finds relief in action, ran down the basement steps and opened the back door. Inspector Martin McGee, dressed in plain clothes and carrying a small bag, was waiting outside.

"All set?" he asked under his breath.

"Everything's ready," replied Rosalie as she led the way across the basement.

But Inspector McGee stopped her at the stairway.

"Say, it's all right to let you have your head and do things your own way. Grimaldi reported back for other duty at one o'clock, just as you told him. But I'm running risks when I take your word that you'll deliver this Estrilla when we want him—or I would be, if it was anybody but you. Why can't you tell me?"

"See here, Marty McGee," said Rosalie. "I've got ready to put one of the biggest feathers in your cap that you ever wore. An' I've done it by goin' my own woman's way. If it hadn't been for me, you'd be barkin' up the wrong tree yet. I've acted this way because I do things woman-fashion, an' there ain't a single mutt man alive that would ever say I was on the right track—until I delivered the goods. The hardest thing I know is to tell what I know—that's a habit. Are you goin' to believe me when I say that I can put my hands on this Estrilla whenever I please? Are you goin' to leave that to me, just like you've left the whole thing so far?"

Reassured, Inspector McGee smiled on her. Usually that smile, directed on Rosalie Le Grange, brought a responsive flash of coquettish dimples and sparkling teeth. But it seemed like trying to fire dead ashes now. Her face was serious and drawn. Suddenly it entered his mind that she looked her age. Unacquainted with that defiance of time by which a charming woman may be 50 in one

Little Vices That Masquerade as Virtues

FRANKNESS.
By Billie Burke.

"Mercy, but you are looking old," exclaims your frank friend with an air of greatest virtue.

You try to smile and give your sagging features an upward slant, but your friend catches you before you have succeeded and again exercises her diabolical frankness.

"Now, don't feel hurt," she admonishes, "you know you can't make people think you are a spring chicken, no matter how much you like to do so. Other people may flatter you with the idea, but I always say what I think."

Mentally you tell yourself that if you said what you thought you would certainly tell your frank friend that her thoughts must always be very disagreeable ones, as you seldom have heard her express herself pleasantly about anybody or anything.

Just how the vice of frankness got over into the virtue column is hard



to understand, for it seems as though any one might realize there is no vir-

tue in saying disagreeable things to others and that is where your frank friends shine, no matter how much they are hated for doing it.

I have made it a practice in the last few years to cut all distressingly frank people off my list of acquaintances. I don't want to be told I am growing old; that gown I must wear another year is entirely out of fashion, that the girl my brother is going to marry is much older than he; that it is strange my husband married a dark woman, he always seemed so devoted to blonds. Ignorance or these things is bliss for me, consequently I fight shy of all those people who think it a virtue to tell me the faults and foibles of myself and my family.

Then there are the people who are so arrogantly frank about themselves, who seem to think that what happens to themselves is of the utmost importance to the world at large. While these people do leave so many heart burnings behind them they are the worst of bodes.

Utter frankness about one's self or about others is not only a small vice, but it is very bad taste. Lincoln said that a disagreeable handling of the truth was more apt to spread disaster than an out-and-out lie."

THE NOSE-TREE

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE.
Chapter II.

They drove right up to a king's palace.

The carriage they were in was so beautiful and the horses were so well groomed that the king believed the three old soldiers to be king's sons from a neighboring province. He greeted them with open arms and made them acquainted right away, with his beautiful daughter!

Now, this daughter was very clever and cunning. One day while the second soldier was walking with the princess in the garden she noticed the purse he carried. She asked him about it. He foolishly told her the story of the red jacket dwarf and the three gifts. Immediately the princess decided she would have the cloak and the purse and the horn. She set to work and made another purse just like the soldier's. Then she exchanged them when he was not looking.

The next day the soldiers went home. They needed money. The second soldier got out his purse, took out the money in it, but found, to his dismay, that no more came in. Then he guessed the princess had played a trick on him and he confessed to having told her their secret about the dwarf and the gifts.

"Don't worry," said the first old soldier. "I will fix that." He put on his cloak and wished himself in the princess' sitting room. Sure enough, there he found her counting her gold. Then he stood looking at her. But he stood too long, for she turned and saw him, shouting with all her might, "Thieves! Thieves! The servants and the whole court, in fact, came rushing to see what was the matter! He was very much frightened and decided to get away as fast as he could. The poor old soldier went back to his friends to tell them his sad plight.

"Never mind," said the third old soldier. "I will call aid." So he put the horn in his mouth and sent forth a great blast of sound. Immediately armed horsemen appeared all around the old soldiers. And together they set out to make war on the king whose daughter had possessed herself of the magic cloak and purse.

The king did not know what to do, so went to his daughter for advice. "Leave it to me," she said, reassuringly. "I think I can find a way to drive these men out of our country." What do you think she did? She managed to get the horn out of the third old soldier's tent when he was not looking.

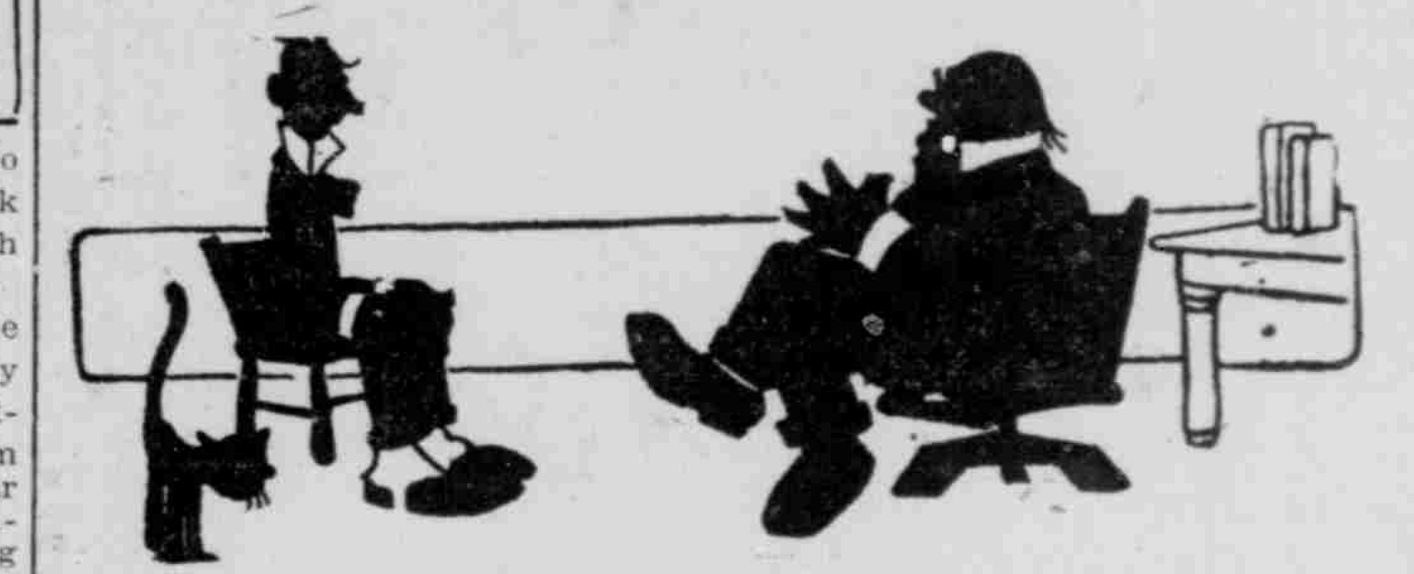
Then the three old fellows were completely stranded. They decided to part, and one of them went away by himself into the woods where they

IN BOSTON, OF COURSE



Teacher—What fruit did Eve pluck in the Garden of Eden?
No answer from the children.
Teacher—Oh, you must know. What fruit do you like so well baked?
The class (unanimously): BEANS!

THEN HER DAD SHUT UP.



Stern Father of the Fair One—Do you think you can keep my daughter in her present style?
Suiter—Certainly not. She wouldn't stand for it.
Stern Father—Ha, what is this you say?
Suiter—Well, you know how quickly styles change.

LOCAL WOMAN TO MARRY

Anna C. Matthes Mentioned in Los Angeles Dispatch.

According to word received Monday Miss Anna S. Matthes of this city and John J. Nooyen of Los Angeles secured a license to marry at Los Angeles Monday.

News-Times Daily Fashions



9711, A NATTY STYLE FOR THE LITTLE BOY.

Boys' suit with knickerbockers. Brown and white striped galatea with facings of white was used to make this design. The fronts may be finished to form a revers at the right side, or closed in double breasted style. The pattern is suitable for wash fabrics, cloth or serge, velvet or corduroy. It is cut in four sizes: Three, four, five and six years. It requires four yards of 27 inch material for a four-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

9726—9 Practical Comfortable School Dress. Girl's Dress With Long or Shorter Sleeve. Brown galatea with white linene for trimming is here shown. The closing is at the center front. The wide belt may be omitted. The design is suitable for percale, gingham, linen, cashmere, serge, velvet or corduroy. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.